COLLECTOR SERIES

CALL BOY

NUMBER ONE

$4.00

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TRUE AND INTIMATE REVELATIONS OF THE HOMOSEXUAL LIFE

FOR ADULTS ONLY

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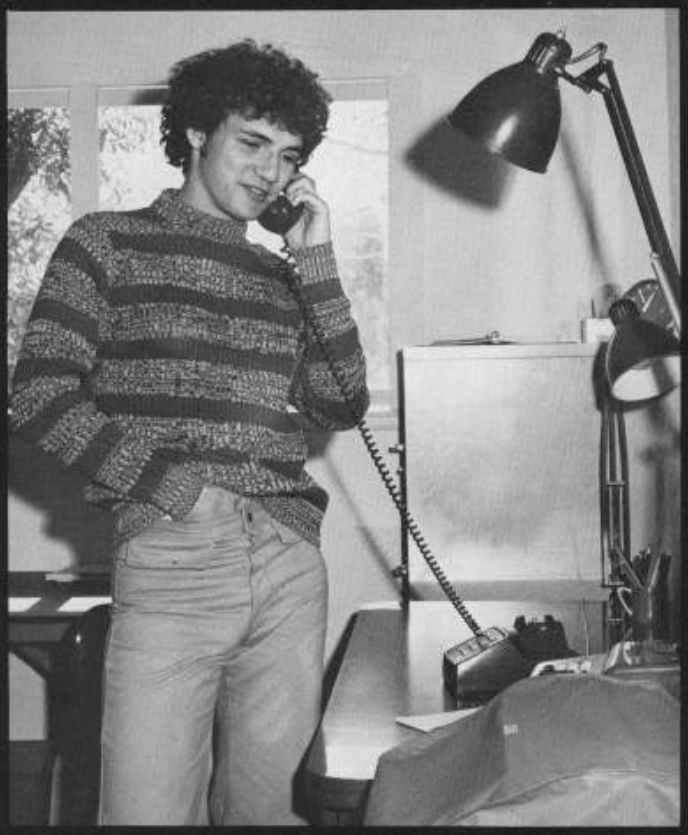


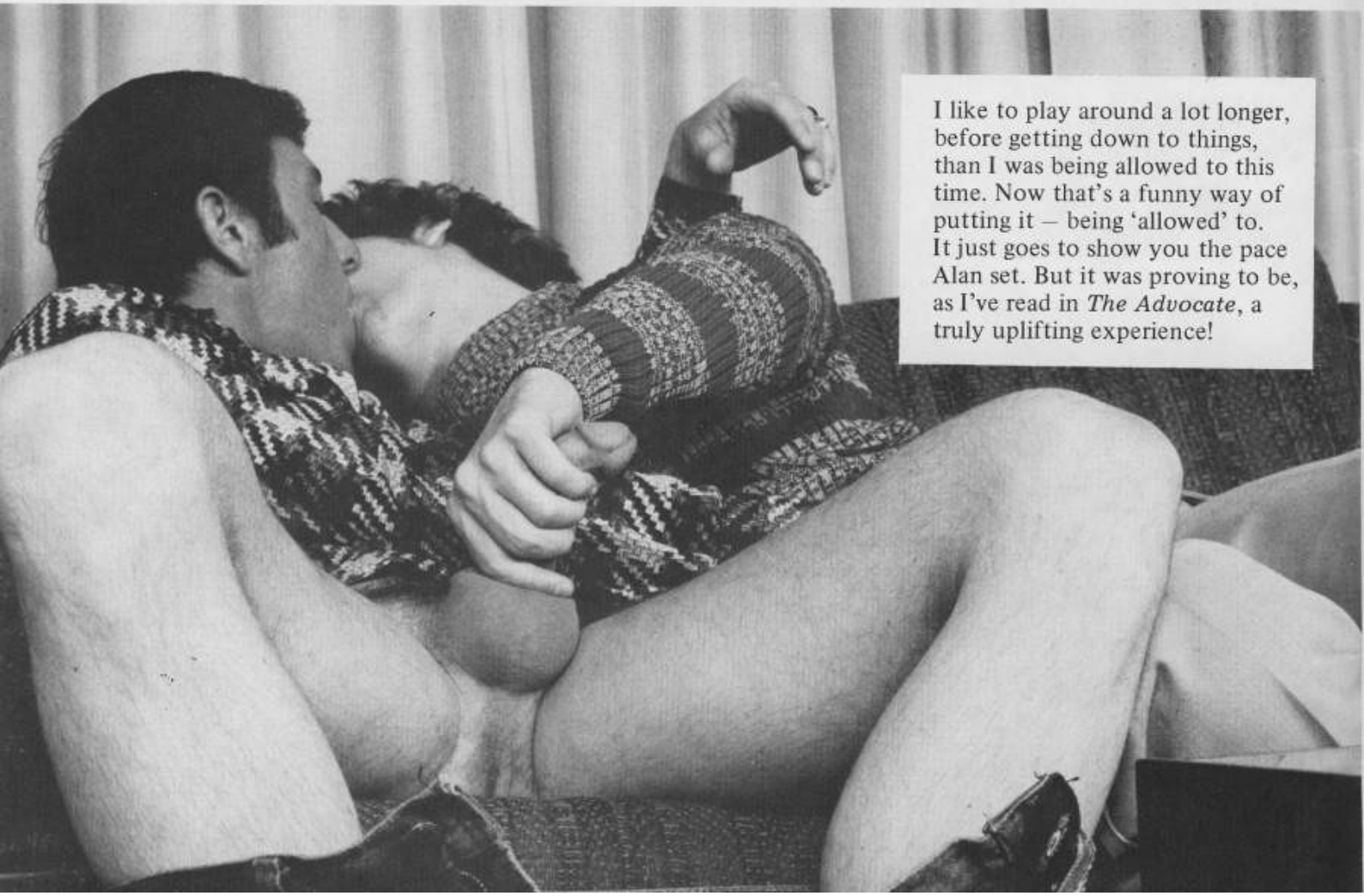
It was one of those warm spring days that really get to you. I had my usual urge, but it was stronger this morning than ever before. I didn't know what to do with myself. Well, I knew, but I was pretty tired of doing that. I needed company. Being a new resident of Hollywood was proving a problem, friend-wise. I don't really like cruising. After some reflection I realized the answer was right there in an underground newspaper on the coffee table. I found an ad that sounded as though the boy was someone I'd like to meet. Talking on the phone, I was sure of it.

CALL BOY NUMBER ONE

is published four times a year by Lyndon Distributors, LTD., 15803½ Stagg St., Van Nuys, California; it is produced and distributed as adult entertainment aimed at illuminating ongoing changes in contemporary patterns of societal behavior with the view that picturing and displaying of the unclothed human body is deserving of increased acceptance in our contemporary culture. All rights reserved on entire contents of this issue; nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1974 by Lyndon Distributors, LTD. Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope; the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. We do not release any information about or sell photographs of any models appearing in this magazine. Any similarity between persons living or dead and characters named in fiction or semi-fiction is entirely coincidental. All photographs used for any purpose in this magazine, except of public figures, are posed by professional models and neither the photographs nor the words accompanying them describe, or are meant to be understood as, the actual personality or conduct of the model.

Alan arrived exactly when he said he would. After five brief minutes of very pleasant conversation he produced what I had called for. It looked as though I had a hard day ahead of me. And that's exactly what I had in mind. The price was stiff but so was he. And me.

Having sex with an almost total stranger isn't my bag, but Alan moved things along so fast, and so pleasantly, I figured what the hell, we can talk later. I'll say one thing – you can't beat professional work!

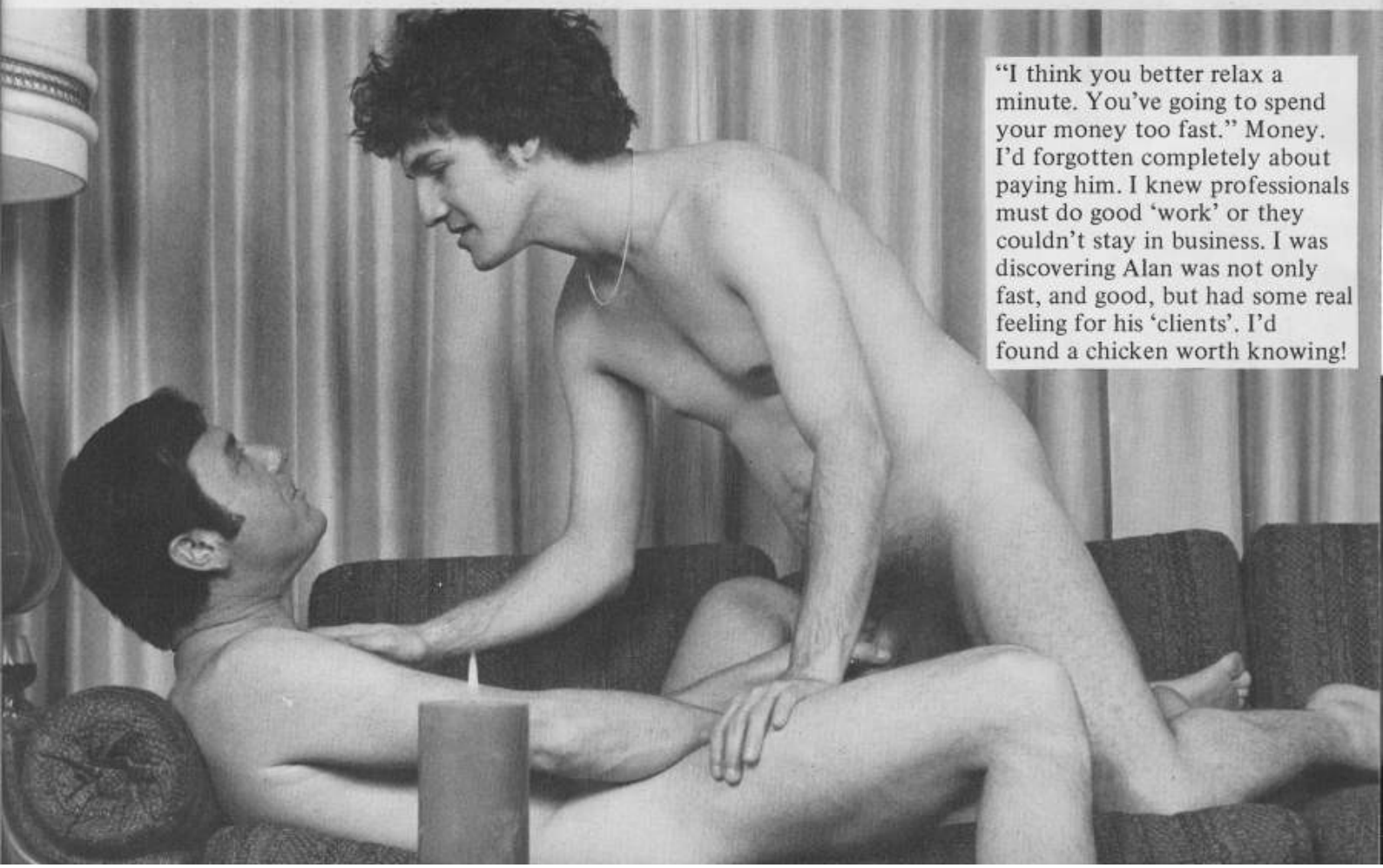


I like to play around a lot longer, before getting down to things, than I was being allowed to this time. Now that's a funny way of putting it – being 'allowed' to. It just goes to show you the pace Alan set. But it was proving to be, as I've read in *The Advocate*, a truly uplifting experience!

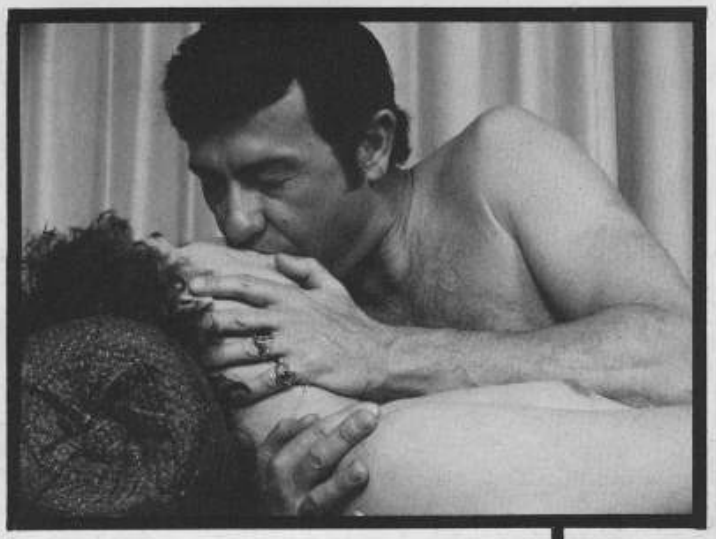
This was my first date with a 'pro'. It wasn't to be my last. "While you're down there," Alan said quietly, "how about doing a favor for a friend." I did.

I felt myself arriving at 'that' point much too fast. I tried to get a grip on the situation, and Alan. He just moved all the faster.

"We have too many clothes on," Alan said in that voice that had turned me on just talking to him on the phone. Soon we didn't have.

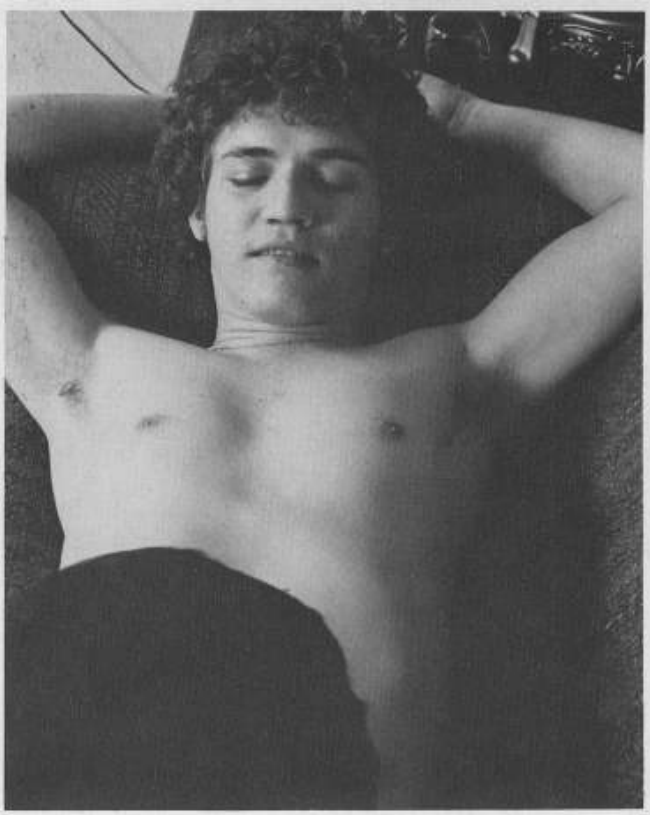


"I think you better relax a minute. You've going to spend your money too fast." Money. I'd forgotten completely about paying him. I knew professionals must do good 'work' or they couldn't stay in business. I was discovering Alan was not only fast, and good, but had some real feeling for his 'clients'. I'd found a chicken worth knowing!



We still hadn't talked much. Anything I was coming to know about this boy was being learned through practical demonstration! Like...he could kiss like there was no tomorrow...and you could have cracked walnuts with the strength of his erection. But that would be a waste...

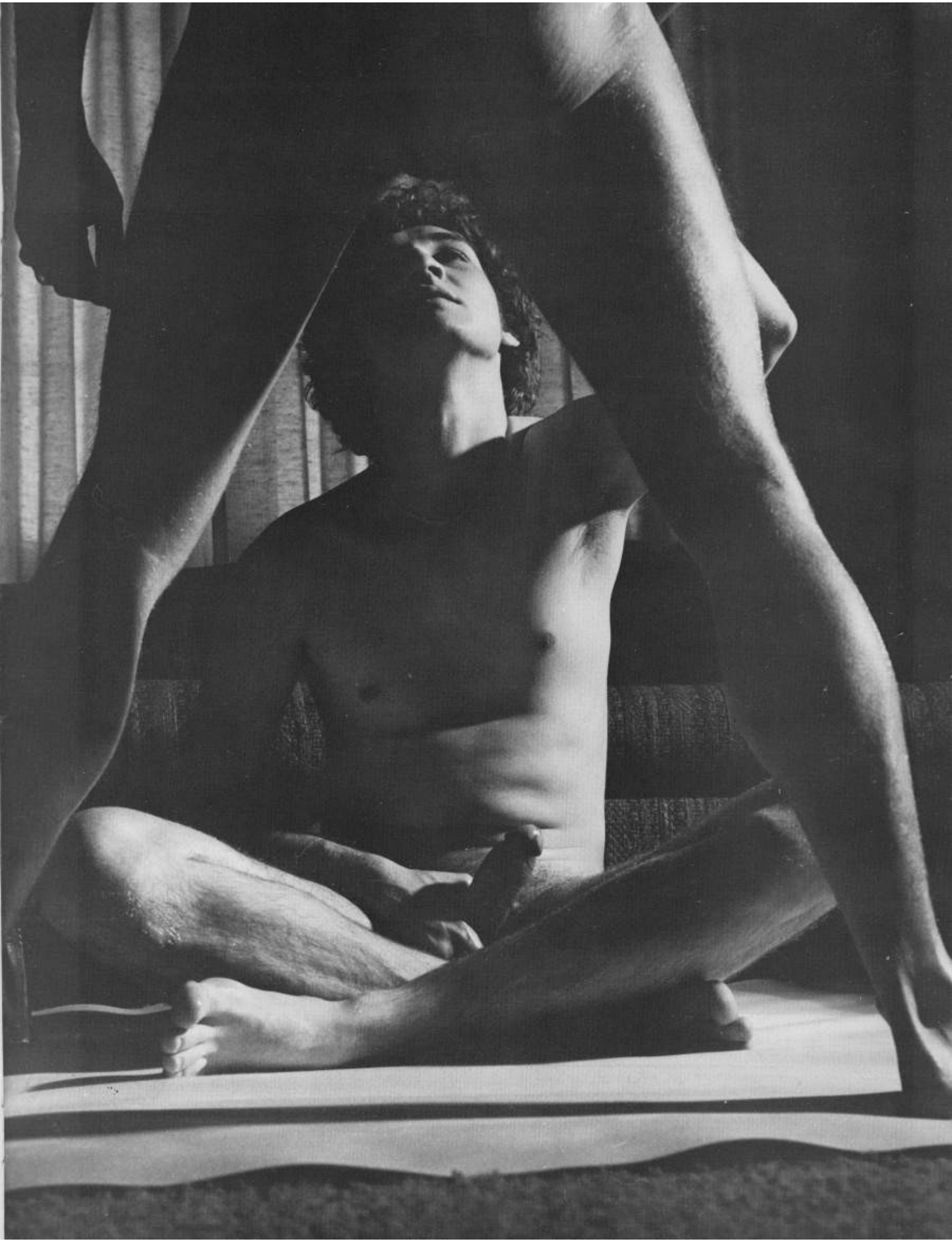
Now that the pace had been 'cooled' a bit, at Alan's suggestion, we took time to explore each other...visually and manually. He had to be a graduate in Manual Arts, cause that's really my bag, and he was better at it than me.

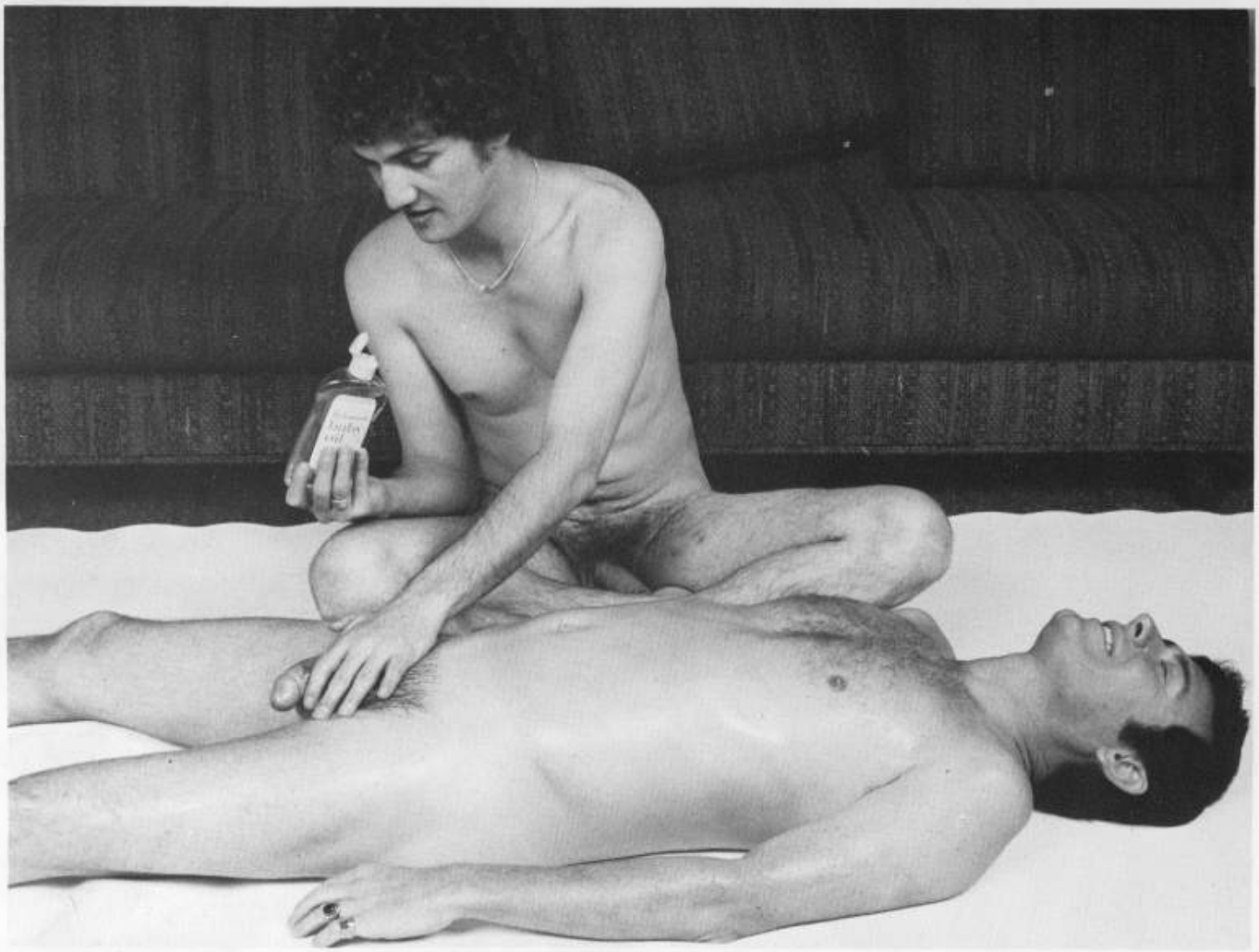


When he was coming, the sounds he made were so throaty and wild I'd wished I had thought to turn on my tape recorder before we'd gotten things so firmly in hand. Well...another opportunity would arise again. I was sure he would.

I was wrong about something. He never even went down. It just stayed up there as though it had a steel rod in it. My turn to climax was scheduled for the next thirty seconds. I came on time!

It was hit the shower time. That pause that refreshes. But our pause was brief. Alan's motor was still running, and he had some ideas. "Have you ever been rubbed all over with baby oil?" he asked. "Not since my mother.." I started to reply. "This will be nothing like your mother used to do to you," Alan promised.



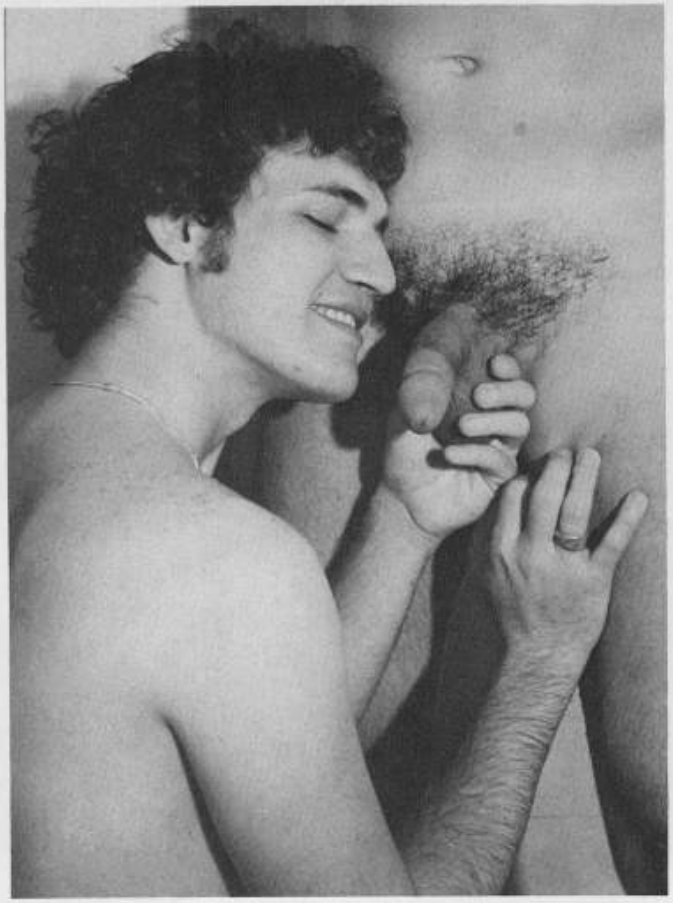


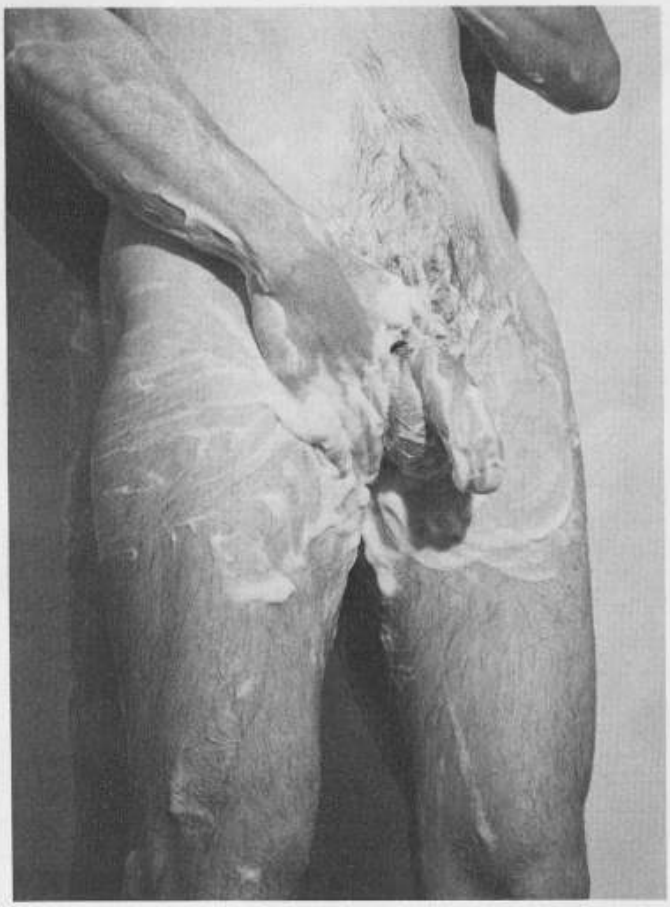
I had no idea what time it was. What day it was. Or what week. Alan's hands were more skillful than any I'd encountered since I was eleven years old. A vague thought intruded for a second. I wondered if mom hadn't done this same thing to me a time or two. If just in passing. I felt myself coming. Again.

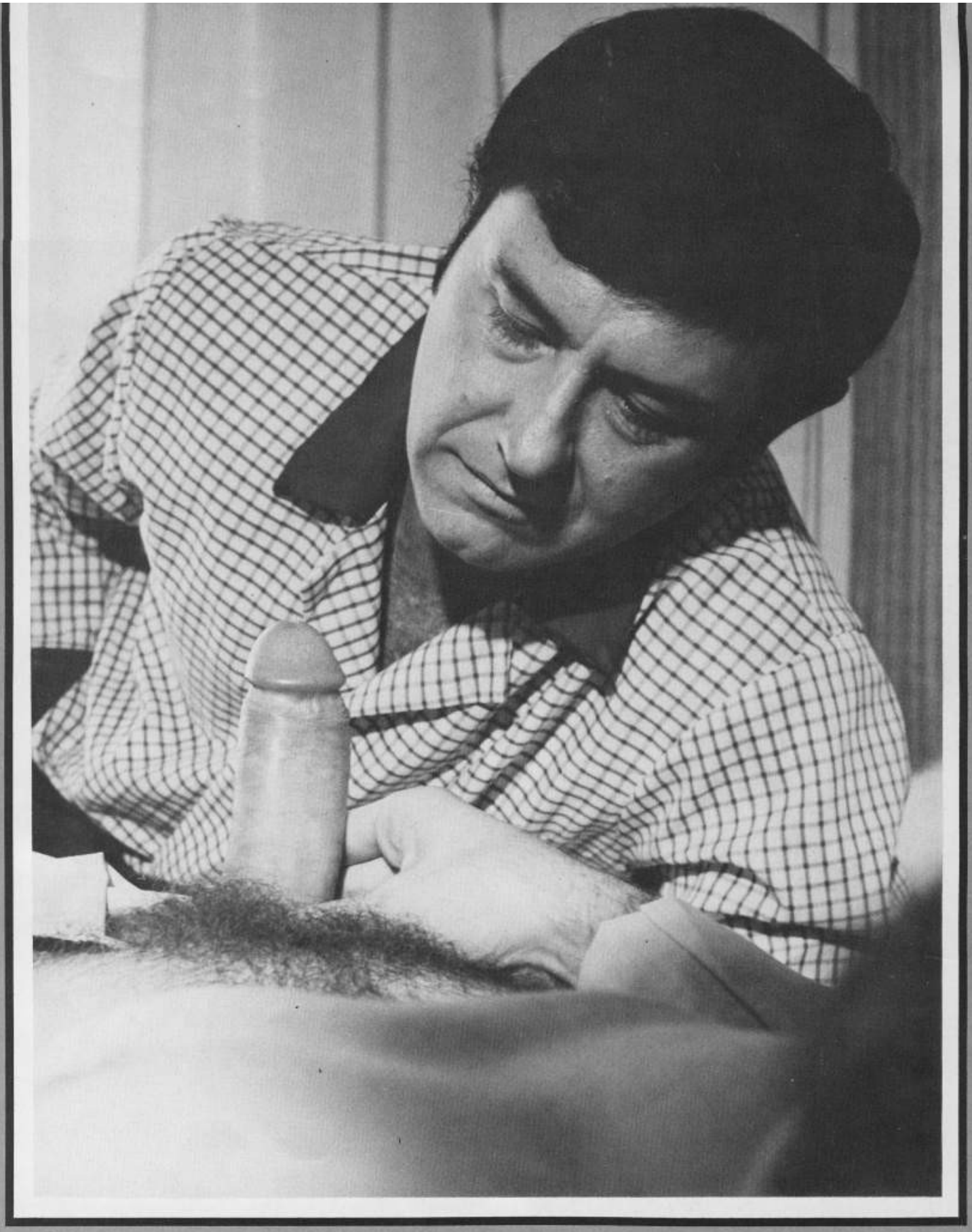
To say it was a wild session would be a masterpiece of understatement. It was all I could do to keep from ending it too soon...like before next Friday. Or Saturday.

Alan was the vocal type. The kind who talks to you, telling you how it feels. My thoughts were an echo of his.

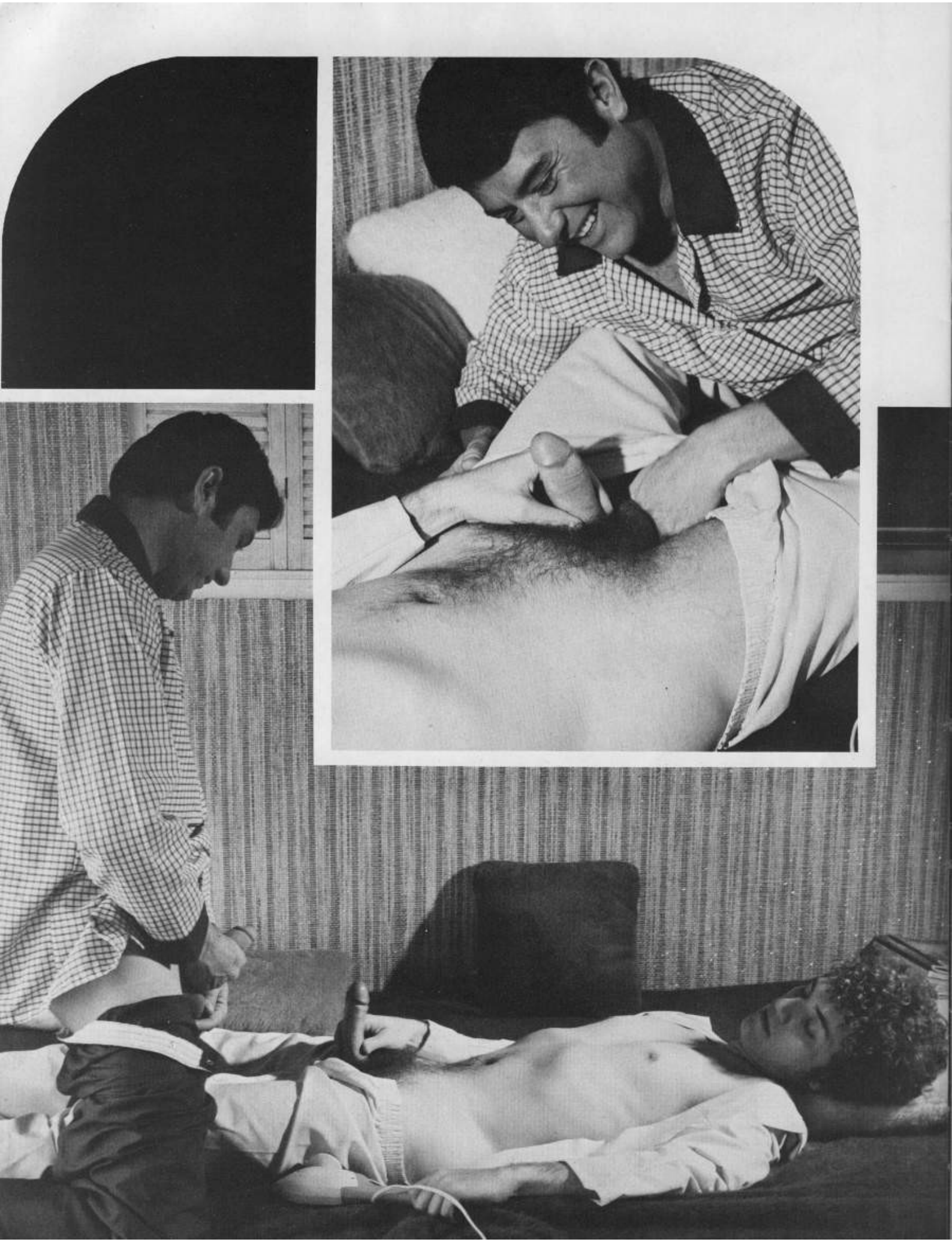
All good things have to come to an end. And I did. And he did. It was break time again. I was so weak I almost suggested he carry me into the shower bath, but then I thought a double hernia wouldn't do him a bit of good. Or me...



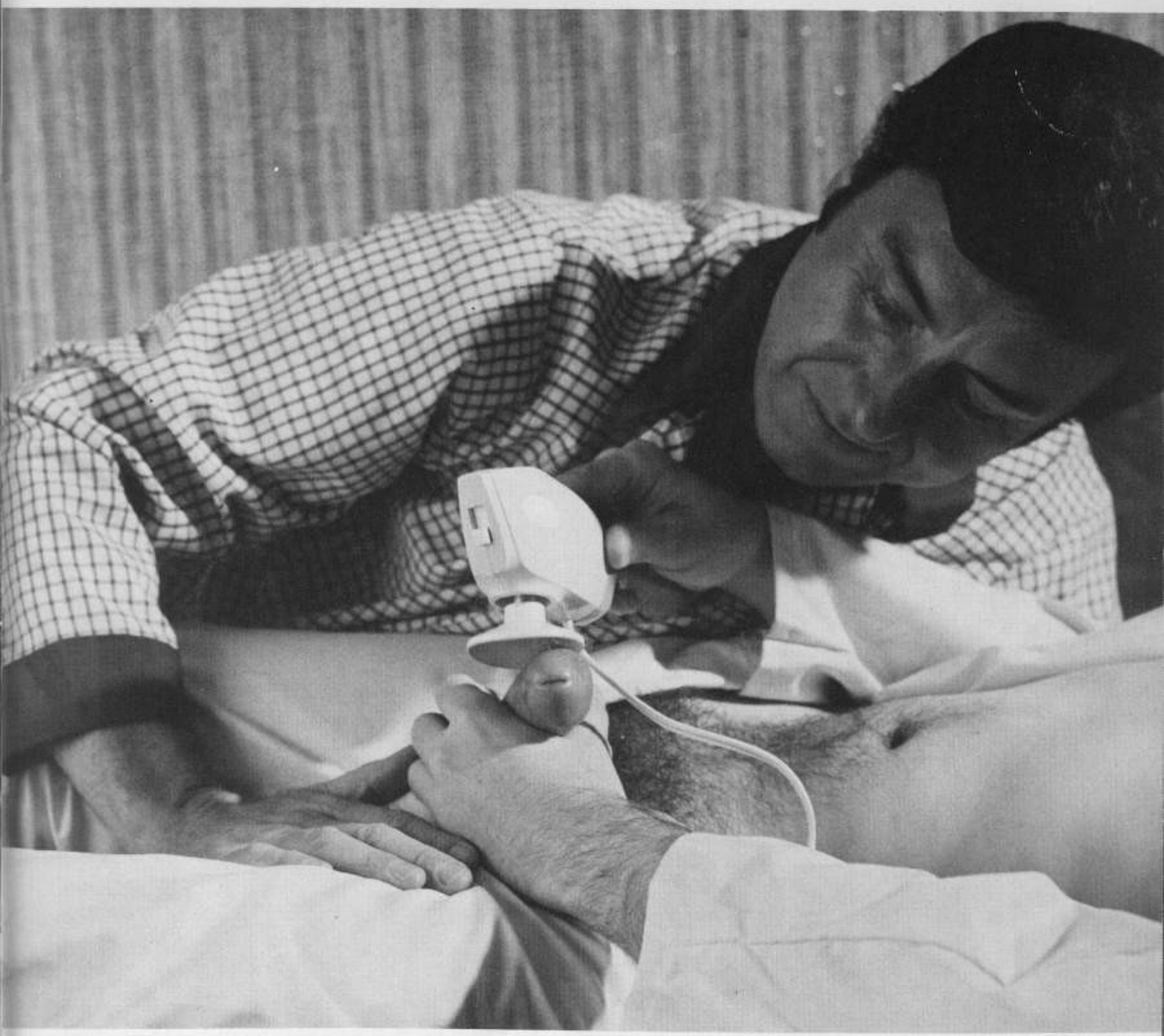




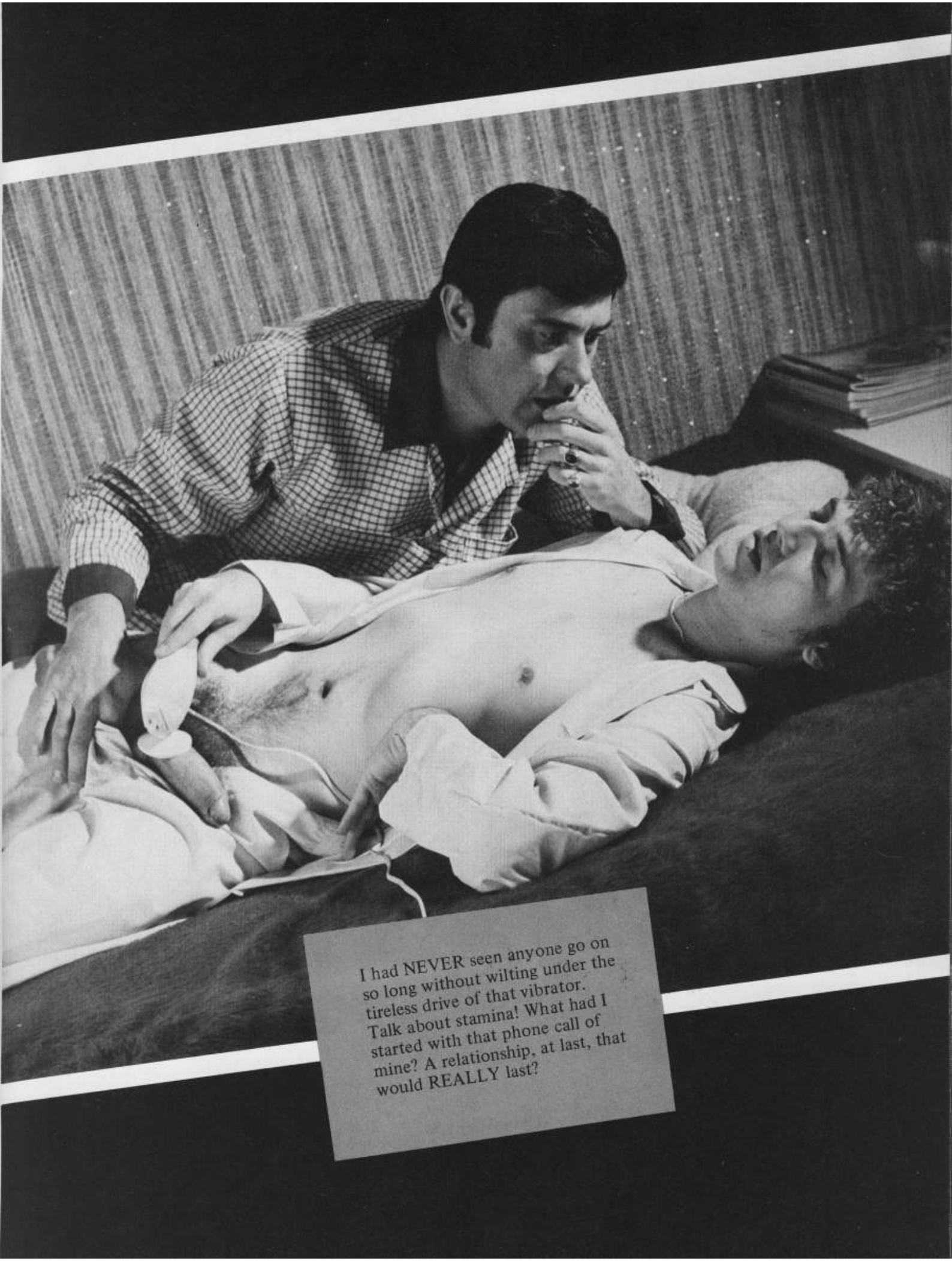
It was still up! Such stamina I'd never seen! "I can stay over for the night, if you like," Alan smiled. "Just try to leave," I grinned. "Now I have something for YOU to try."



"This thing feels strange," Alan murmured. "Like a thousand tiny needles." He groaned and flipped the vibrator switch to high speed. "Thank God there are no batteries to give out before I give in."



A hard man is good to find. The evening was flying by just as the day had. When I made that call I never dreamed I was starting any kind of a session like this. We even found time to talk a little, over the steady hum of the vibrator. Alan had turned pro just two months before I'd called him this morning. "I like sex," he smiled even as he groaned a little and shifted the vib to a less sensitive spot. "Never get enough. It seemed logical to put the ad in, to get paid for what I like to do, and to know that out of all the calls I'd be bound to meet someone like you." I didn't know what to say. I didn't know if he was hinting he'd like to quit the game as a pro in exchange for a permanent arrangement with a friend...or what was really on his mind. I could not think of a single reason why he should leave my pad. Ever.



I had NEVER seen anyone go on so long without wilting under the tireless drive of that vibrator. Talk about stamina! What had I started with that phone call of mine? A relationship, at last, that would REALLY last?

I flipped the switch to 'off.' That's what I had to get him. And it certainly wasn't unpleasant work.

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- **A nine-inch penis in a six-inch vagina.** (page 68)
- **Women who make plaster casts of erect organs.** (page 88)
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With love,

Sheri

Now it was my turn. Again the steady rasp of the vib echoed through the quiet house. And that got me to thinking, in between trying to resist the urging of the motor. This house, like my life, had been too quiet for too long.

The last climax of the night was the winner of them all. I couldn't have gotten out of that bed if my life depended on it. But I knew that tomorrow another 'uplifting experience' was coming my way. And, I figured, the next day too. And the next. And the next.....

GALLBOY